

While On The Sea

by Jimperbam

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-11 08:21:38

Updated: 2014-08-15 08:34:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:29:42

Rating: K+

Chapters: 4

Words: 4,605

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After a celebratory boat race runs afoul of a school of Thunderdrums, Hiccup is left stranded on Outcast Island. Now he's trapped in enemy territory, which is par for the course, except this time he's out one prosthetic limb.

1. Race

Hellooooo everyone! I know it's been about, uhh...more than a year since I've posted. Has anyone even been counting? At any rate, I'm back with a thing that I've been meaning to do since forever. Multichapter, pre-sequel, and featuring Hiccup in the hot chair where I like him best.

HTTYD (c) Dreamworks, who I'm suing for emotional abuse because of the sequel.

* * *

><p>The air by the sea was gloriously balmy. I stared into the distant blue-grey waves, letting my fingers run absently over the time-worn wood of my boat. Soon I would be locked in an epic battle with not only the water, but also the small watercraft.<p>

Toothless nudged me out of my reverie. I cracked a smile and scratched him in his favorite spot. "At least I'll always have you, huh, bud?"

Astrid hauled her boat to the shore next to me. "You ready, Hiccup?" she asked excitedly.

"Not in the slightest."

"Come on, don't be a spoil sport."

"Astrid, I have proven year after year that I am incapable of performing the simplest of viking-like tasks. What makes you think I

would be any sort of ready for a boat race when I can hardly carry a sheep?"

Astrid shook her head, smiling. "You really need to lift something heavier than a hammer."

I didn't tell her that I was quite content with lifting hammers. Between that and the academy, I had a satisfyingly full schedule. I mused gloomily on all the things I could be doing instead of participating in the boat race traditionally held to celebrate the thaw of the water.

A horn sounded down the coast, signaling five minutes until we cast off. I heaved a sigh and drug my boat into place. Toothless followed. "No, sorry, bud, you gotta stay here," I said. "Believe me, this won't take long."

All I wanted was to make a decent start. I put all my focus and what little upper body strength I possessed into working the oars hard enough to keep up with the others. I would relax once we were out of view of the shore. To distract from the building burn in my arms, I weighed what chance each of my friends had of winning the race.

"Come on, Hiccup! Pick it up!" Astrid called from in front of me; I had begun to slow down.

I rolled my eyes and waved her off. She may have thought she was being encouraging, but her exhortation did just the opposite. It would surely be between her and Snotlout, unless the twins could cooperate for once.

I rowed at a somewhat leisurely pace. The taunting and shouting lost out to the waves lapping against the boat. The water sparkled hypnotically in the new spring sun. It was so warm that I almost fancied a nap.

A series of powerful splashes and a concussive, resonating tone startled me out my peaceful stupor. I instinctively grabbed an oar to use as protection against the source of that chest-rattling sound that was extremely familiar -

Close ahead the water frothed violently as scaled bodies thrashed near the surface and dove in and out. The Thunderdrums were either playing or fighting; it was hard to tell with dragons. Either way, the current was sucking me right into their destructive path.

Suddenly, and conveniently, I was full of energy. I was just about to start rowing for my life when a thin human scream rose above the din. My heart sank. Of course my friends were right in the middle of that. Of course I had to follow. I sighed and directed the boat closer to the roiling spot.

Debris from shattered boats floated past. I shouted into the chaos and received an answer from an unexpected source.

"Hiccup!" Fishlegs waved at me from a boat a few yards away. "Over here!"

"No, in _there_!" Tuffnut was in the boat with him. He pointed to the mess. "They're still in there!"

A tiny stream of bubbles announced a surfacing organism. Ruffnut's blonde head popped up over the foam. I quickly held out an oar and guided her into my boat.

"They're still in there," she echoed her brother, coughing up water. "Snotlout and Astrid. The other boats are - "

"Gone, yeah. Are you okay?"

"What's it look like?!"

"Okay, sorry!" I gave her my vest in some attempt to warm her; though the ocean had thawed, it wasn't exactly bath water. "Stay here. Tuffnut and Fishlegs will come get you."

"What are _you_ gonna do?"

"Oh, something stupid."

The water was much colder than expected, something I quickly realized when I dove in. The best way into the frantic dance was under.

There were so many more Thunderdrums beneath the waves. I dodged them to the best of my ability but still got tossed about. I was running out of air when I saw two pairs of legs kicking above me.

Snotlout screamed when I popped up in the chamber of the capsized boat. Astrid almost punched me. I cowered and exclaimed, "Calm down, it's me!"

"Calm down?" Snotlout shrieked. "There is a whole nest of Thunderdrums trying to kill us!"

Astrid demanded, "Is Ruffnut - ?"

"Fine," I confirmed. "Well, she's out, anyway. There's still two boats left, but we have to swim to them. You ready?"

Snotlout was not pleased with the plan, but I took Astrid's assent as the general consensus."

"Okay. Get ready. Big breath, and - !"

We took the plunge. I pointed out a path that was still relatively clear and made sure they were on it before following. Despite being in an incredibly dangerous situation, I had the mental space to reflect that I should listen to my poor upper body strength when it told me something was a bad idea.

A bright blue tail blocked my progress. I panicked when an entire Thunderdrum followed. My lungs burned for air. I scrambled over the smooth, slippery scales only to be yanked back by the swimming dragon. My left leg was caught on one of its spines and darkness was beginning to creep in on my vision. Astrid and Snotlout were nowhere in sight. I paddled uselessly in a last ditch effort to make it to the surface. The light grew more distant as I was dragged deeper into the frigid depths.

2. Grounded

Second chapter inbound! As always, thank you so much for all your lovely words. They are my inspiration and motivation to continue posting. And to answer someone's question-yes, this takes place after We Are Family, which makes it all the more dangerous for Hiccup to be alone on Outcast Island! Oh my!

HTTYD (c) Dreamworks

* * *

><p>I knew I wasn't dead when a low, continuous rumbling reached my waterlogged ears. The sun blinded me for a second before I could discern the large mass in front of me. It was a Thunderdrum. It was humming and sniffing at my cold form. My arm was too heavy to pet it. It stayed only a few more minutes before lumbering back into the ocean.<p>

"Wait," I called, and I coughed up the remaining water in my chest. "Come on, don't go, I need a ride back to - "

Powerful shivering cut me off. I curled into a ball in a desperate attempt to generate some heat.

Different snuffling caught my attention. I peeked up to see the curious orbs of a Terrible Terror. I smiled weakly at it. It was nice to have some company when I was still unsure of my level of alive.

It pawed at my head and nibbled on my hair. I batted it away. It copied the gesture.

"Hilarious," I said dryly. "You think you could be useful and start a fire? I'm freezing."

It blinked blankly at me.

"Didn't think so."

I needed to move, though my body ached at the mere thought. I stood and stretched - and promptly fell right back down. My legs weren't working right, and that was because there was once again only one.

"Oh gods. Oh no. This isn't happening."

But it was. No matter how much I groped at the space where my prosthetic should have been, there was just a stark cessation of limb.

I sank back onto the rocky shore, overwhelmed at how quickly the situation had gone from bad to worse. The Terror seemed to take this as an invitation and made himself a cozy home on my stomach. I noticed in the midst of my anguish that the small dragon's right wing was almost completely shredded. It didn't mind when I brushed the old wound. The fact that it was still alive put things in perspective.

"Okay." I took a deep breath. "Okay. Are you going to help me, little guy?"

It - he, by the pattern of his markings - opened a lazy eye to regard me.

"I'll take that as a yes. You'll need a name, then. How about Hazard? Because no offense, but it looks like you're bad at avoiding those."

Hazard was too busy sunning to take offense. I woke him up by scratching him behind his horns. After such a treatment he was energetic and playful.

I stood on my knees to survey the area. It was a bleak, rocky landscape dotted with sparse trees and shrubs. At least there would be plenty of wood to work with. I crawled over to the most sturdy-looking stick and tested my weight on it. It held, so I whittled it to size with my dagger. The crutch, though extremely inferior to my prosthetic, was a success.

Hazard sauntered over and rubbed against my leg. I smiled slightly. "Glad you're in a good mood, because I need a place to stay. Do you know of any caves? Maybe a house with a bed and full kitchen?"

Hazard trotted off towards a rock forest. I fell frequently trying to keep up. My hands smarted by the time we stumbled upon a cave. I tore off a length of my shirt to wrap them in.

"Thanks, little guy," I said, patting Hazard. "Sorry to ask, but could you find a couple of sticks? I need a fire."

Hazard happily bounded off. I set my mind to working out an escape plan but found it hard to focus due to low body temperature and an empty stomach.

My friends would have returned to Berk by now, assuming they were still alive. They'd probably be right back out to look for me. I made a mental note to start a signal fire when I could manage it. Even better would be to find a dragon of rideable size and convince it to give me a lift.

The pitter-patter of little feet made me look up. I was greeted with a living bush. I was confused until I noticed the bush had a tail. I'd asked for some firewood. Hazard had uprooted an entire shrub.

"You're amazing!" I exclaimed. Hazard purred with pride. I set the brush in a nest of rocks and Hazard lit it up with one small flame. Warmth washed over me. I sighed in relief.

There was nothing left to do but sleep. I was more than happy to do so. It had been a long day full of exertion, almost drowning, and immense stress. I stared into the fire with heavy eyes, absently petting a dozing Hazard. At least I would be warm tonight - or so I assumed.

I realized why this latest misadventure was so difficult: ever since

we became a pair, I'd rarely been anywhere without Toothless. I wondered what he was doing. Would he bring him on the search and rescue? Did anyone else even know how to operate his tail? He would not take kindly to being left behind.

I'd just have to try harder to be found. I could manage it. I'd managed much more in the past. Even without a leg and my best friend, I could pull through. Still, the fire was somewhat colder as I drifted off to sleep.

3. Incendiary

As always, thank you for the kind words! I really am thrilled to be up and writing again. I believe this may be the second to last chapter, but we'll see.

HTTYD (c) Dreamworks

* * *

><p>I was greeted upon waking by a pile of regurgitated fish. I made a face at the admittedly thoughtful offering, but I was so hungry that I couldn't turn it down. I roasted each of them thoroughly to destroy the taste of dragon spit.<p>

Hazard chirped a good morning after dragging in another bush for kindling. I rubbed his belly in thanks for the breakfast. Together we set out to explore the island. Hazard hitched a ride on my shoulder.

It was slow going, negotiating the rocky terrain. My little hitchhiker seemed content to go at my pace. I wandered for hours before stumbling upon a worn path. I was relieved, but Hazard was less pleased. He grew more fidgety the further down the path I walked. Finally, at the foot of a ridge, he hopped off my shoulder and refused to move forward another inch.

"What's wrong, little guy?" I asked. "Come on, let's keep going. Maybe we'll find some people to help us."

The next few seconds brought a life or death choice. Heavy footfalls echoed over the ridge. Hazard heard them, hissed, and scampered into the brush. I was torn between the possibility of aid and trusting a dragon's judgment. I'd spent enough time with dragons and people to know what to do.

I dove behind some boulders just as the figures topped the ridge. They were clad in dark, heavy armor. I didn't need to recognize their faces to suddenly understand with a sinking feeling where I was.

"Outcast Island," I moaned to the sky once they passed. "That figures."

The terrible revelation still had a silver lining: I was familiar with the island, which would make navigation much simpler. Also, it would be one of my rescue party's top places to search.

"Let's go home," I sighed to Hazard. He mounted my shoulder once

again.

We were almost back to the cave when he slid off and took another direction entirely.

"Wait, no, not that way! It's...back here..."

The sun was setting and the temperature was dropping, and yet that little Terror trotted down the coast away from shelter. I wondered when I started letting dragons rule my life and followed.

It was night by the time Hazard led me to the mouth of what appeared to be a massive cave. I proceeded with caution. Anything could be in its depths, and by the myriad of calls and tweets from further in, everything was.

It was mostly Terrible Terrors skittering around the floor, pouncing on each other, or curling up for slumber. Three Nadders and a Nightmare claimed their own spaces. I couldn't place the common denominator among this diverse nest until my eyes adjusted to the light and a sick feeling stirred in my stomach. Every dragon in the large chamber had torn wings, ripped tails, or missing limbs. One of the Nadders was blind. Hazard took a place on an indented rock like he did so every night.

A whining Terror bumped into my leg and rolled over. I instinctively knelt to tend to it. Its left wing was completely stripped and bleeding. I had to quell a surge of fury at whoever did this to focus on the work. I used the remainder of my shirt to stanch the wound and bind it to prevent movement. The little Terror watched me adoringly. I petted him until he fell asleep.

Steady breath on the back of my head startled me. I slowly turned and was met with the blue orbs of a Scauldron. It growled warningly when I extended a hand. I lowered my head in full submission, and it allowed the connection. I realized when it tramped by, nudging some Terrors who refused to settle down, that it - she - was probably the queen of this nest. It made sense; she also had gaping holes in one of her wings.

I was utterly amazed. All of these dragons had come together to survive despite their disabilities. No wonder Hazard refused to go into the Outcasts' camp. They were probably responsible for all of these injuries. The mere thought made me see red. At that moment, it was no longer just about my escape.

Mama Scauldron brought breakfast. She emptied her neck pouch in the floor. The fish were so fresh that most of them were still flopping. I snagged a few before they were all devoured.

I had a renewed sense of purpose. I found some charred sticks and began sketching my plan on the cave wall. Hazard watched with mild interest, intoning with the occasional coo.

I was pleased with what I concocted. All I had to do was steal a boat, sail it around the island, load the dragons, and find a way back to Berk. And, of course, not get caught at any point. It would be a breeze.

"Right?" I continued my thoughts aloud. Hazard didn't need to know my

train of thought to accurately give me a look. "I know. But what else can I do? I can't let the Outcasts hurt any more dragons."

I prepared for the night raid by carving a makeshift leg out of a sturdy branch. It did not fit well at all, but it would have to do. I also tried to recall the distant memories of my dad's attempts to teach me sailing. I calculated that there was at least a ninety-nine percent chance that all of this would go up in flames, figuratively and probably literally.

Hazard accompanied me on my walk to break in the peg leg. I traversed the coast in hopes that the next step wouldn't send a shooting pain up my spine. The hope never held. I finally kicked at the lapping waves in frustration. Hazard shared the sentiment by lighting a tree on fire. I sat by it and yanked off the useless piece of wood. The lack of shirt was starting to take its toll.

Other dragons must have come out to enjoy the sun, for I heard distant cries and shrieks. I hoped it was my new nest. They deserved to have fun after all they'd been through.

"Hiccup!"

My head whipped in the direction of the call. Surely it was a trick of the wind or water. But no - several silhouettes were landing a ways down the beach.

Forgetting yet again that I was legless, I jumped up and waved my arms in return. I staggered around for a bit before deciding to lean on a rock and let them come to me. Hazard scrambled on top of the boulder for a better view of the newcomers.

Astrid's hug nearly knocked me down. "We've been looking for you!" she exclaimed almost accusingly.

"Well, you found me. Where's Toothless?"

"Where's your shirt?"

"I - it's a long story. Is Toothless here?"

"No, we had to leave him. Sorry, but we thought it was for the best."

I ran a hand through my hair. "I'm sure he loved that. I'm glad you're here, I - "

I had to endure multiple greetings, hugs, and affectionate punches before I could speak. I appreciated their concern, but there were more pressing matters to attend to.

"...But that doesn't matter, I suppose. Come on, son, we're going home," Dad was saying. I had my opportunity.

"No."

"_No_"

"No. I can't leave yet."

"Thor almighty, Hiccup!" Dad threw his hands in the air. "You've been missing for three days, presumed dead, and you want to _stay_?!"

"Just for a while longer. I can't leave without the dragons."

"What dragons?"

I led them back to the nest. They were awed by the fact that so many damaged dragons could survive for so long.

"And who's this?" Astrid asked me when Hazard perched on my shoulder.

"A friend."

"Another one?"

I chuckled. "His name's Hazard. I wouldn't have done so well without this little guy."

"You call this doing well? Your shirt's gone and - what in Odin's name happened to your leg?!"

"It's long gone," I sighed. "It got caught on a Thunderdrum and I woke up without it. It's been, uh, not fun."

Dad relented after seeing all the hurt caused by the Outcasts. "We'll send a ship for them and bring them to Berk."

"I was going to steal one."

"Well, now you don't need to."

"I _want_ to steal one."

He and Astrid regarded me in surprise.

"I did have a plan, you know. I was going to blow up their forge, then release any dragons they had and steal a boat. I would have gotten back to Berk eventually. I just wish Toothless was here. We could have done a lot more damage..."

The poison in my tone had attracted everyone's attention. I stood defiantly by my words. I'd rarely had more hatred for living people.

Dad put a hand on my shoulder. "Hiccup...you need to let it go."

"Let it go?" I repeated furiously. "How am I supposed to let this go? They're not even killing the dragons, they're just crippling them and leaving them to die. I can't turn a blind eye to that!"

"I know. It's cruel and unreasonable. But we can save these dragons right now. That's all we can do. You can't always save everyone, Hiccup."

The flame in my chest subsided in defeat. He was right and I knew it. Refusing to leave without the captive dragons would be

counterproductive and would put lives at risk. I didn't like it in the slightest, but I had to cut my losses...for now.

4. Comeuppance

Though I didn't update last night, I'm still giving myself all of the props because this is the most I've kept on any fic in history. In my defense, I've been engrossed in my latest video game, Oddworld: Stranger's Wrath. So this chapter might be a little short - I didn't check the word count - but I think either next chapter or the chapter after that will be it. Wow. Four for me.

HTTYD (c) Dreamworks

* * *

><p>Hazard was small enough to ride with Astrid and I back to Berk. He seemed to really enjoy being in the air again. I tossed around designs for a new wing.<p>

The moment we landed, I tumbled off and shouted for Toothless. There was a distant screech and thudding footfalls. I only had to wait a few seconds for a midnight black force of nature to tackle me. I allowed the sloppy licking on the grounds that I hadn't seen him in what felt like weeks.

"Okay, I missed you, too!" I laughed. "Get off, I can't breathe!"

Toothless relented but sniffed every inch of me. He got to my left leg and blinked questioningly at me.

"Long story. I've had a bad few days. But it's in the past, right? I'm back and that's what matters."

He keened in agreement.

"By the way, we've got a new friend - " Hazard hopped up on my shoulder as he was prone to doing. "His name's Hazard. He's just like us, see?"

The two dragons sized each other up. Toothless licked Hazard, and Hazard took a place on Toothless' head.

I spent the rest of the evening in the forge with Toothless as company. He wasn't letting me go anywhere alone. I was glad for it. I'd had enough excitement for at least a month, which was about how long I ever got between crises or unplanned adventures. It was a period of peace that I thoroughly enjoyed.

Everyone save the twins were already present for training the next day before I arrived. I entered the arena warily; this was an unheard of occurrence. Usually they all trickled in one by one. I figured someone had a prank planned.

Astrid said casually once I was within earshot, "So we're going back to Outcast Island."

"Wha - _excuse_ me?"

"We're going back for the dragons."

"I know. Dad's sending a boat - "

"But that won't save all of them."

I exhaled slowly. I didn't like being reminded of the ones still trapped. "I know. But it's all we can do at the moment."

"Well, we're going back," Snotlout interjected. "You can stay and miss all the fun."

"Fun?" I repeated incredulously. "What's fun about that? Is this a joke?"

Astrid elbowed Snotlout out of the way and continued, "Hiccup, you said yourself that you can't turn a blind eye to what the Outcasts are doing. Well, neither can we. We can do it together. We already have a plan."

"Uh-_huh_." I was skeptical.

"Fishlegs, do your thing."

Fishlegs was all too excited to share his scheme. "It's pretty clever - i-if I do say so myself, that is - and I'm sure it'll work, because Toothless - "

"What about Toothless?" I said quickly.

"We just need you and Toothless to distract the Outcasts while we sneak in and open all the pens! We'll go at night so no one will be able to see you. It should be a piece of cake!"

I folded my arms. "And you're all in agreement about this?"

"The twins are telling your dad that we're going on an overnight team building exercise on the other side of the island," Astrid said. She seemed very satisfied with her foresight to cook up a cover story.

I sighed. "It's not that I don't want to help those dragons. I really, really do. I just don't want to be responsible if anyone gets hurt. And I'm not too keen on facing my dad if he finds out what we were up to."

"It's not going to be like that," Astrid promised. "A quick in-and-out. We'll hide the ones we rescue in that cave so they can get on the boat later. What do you say?"

I looked to Toothless for his opinion. He wriggled eagerly. I had a feeling that his enthusiasm had less to do with the goal of the mission and more to do with revenge and showing off.

I had my answer. "Alright, you win. We're going tonight, I assume?"

We were, of course, so I only had the day to think up my chapter in the cover story and pack for the strike. Dad interrogated me about it at dinner. I could not hide my grumpiness and therefore had to work

it into my lie.

"They think I need it," I grumbled when he asked. "I just wanted to stay home, but who knows what sort of trouble they'll get into alone? Anyway, I'll get to spend time with Toothless."

"They were just worried about you, Hiccup. We all were. You have a knack for trouble more than anyone else in this village."

I gave a wry smile. "And yet here I am."

Dad chuckled. "And here you are. You get that from my side of the family, you know."

I laughed rather hard at that. It wasn't every day Dad made a joke. "Yeah? And where do I get the stubbornness?"

"That is definitely a joint enterprise."

"I think I can be pretty reasonable."

"Gods help me! When you get something in your head, it's impossible to persuade you otherwise!"

"I..." I reflected on all the major events of my life. "I can accept that."

Fortunately for me, Dad didn't know just how right he was.

End
file.